

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 181

Chapter 181, Her Billionaire Husband

"Roni, I, Matthew Kings, am already brave enough to face anything and everything that comes my way. However, when it comes to you, I can't even say 'I like you'? Don't you find me pathetic?" The man felt melancholic inside as he gave a long sigh. "Goodnight and sleep tight." Touching her hair, Matthew leaned down once again and left a kiss on her lips. It was only after he caressed her cheek that he stood up and unwillingly left after a long while. After switching off the lights, he walked out of the room. However, he had failed to notice that in the dim room, Veronica, whose eyes were closed earlier, was wide awake. She was astonished while there was an unconcealed shock in her eyes. *Did he say that he liked me?* As Veronica was someone with good alcohol tolerance, she was not one to easily get drunk from a few bottles of white wine. She had only fallen asleep because of the accumulated fatigue from busying herself with the decoration of the wedding venue.

However, she never thought that she would wake up just as Matthew said those words. In the midst of her horror, Veronica did not dare to make a sound. She did not dare to push Matthew away even when he kissed her lips. Now that she was in a mess, she did not know how to react to all this. *Why does he like me?*

Remembering the time when they were at her hometown and sending her master home after having a drink with him, Matthew said that he had a friend who discovered that he liked someone else when he was about to marry his pregnant fiancée... So, Matthew's so-called 'friend' was actually himself. What Veronica did not understand was the timing in which Matthew had fallen for her as she did not dare to think about it too.

If a scummy playboy liked someone, what did it have to do with her? Although she had comforted herself that way, she still remembered when she first came to know Matthew. He had tried multiple times to forcefully do the deed with no hint of mercy whatsoever. However, now that he said that he liked her, he never touched her thereafter. *Is he... really in love with me?*

... At 5:00AM. Veronica had already arranged for a wedding coordinator, Shirley Wilson, to the person heading to Dragon Creek's Villa to attend to Tiffany and anything that Tiffany

needed at the wedding Yet, the wedding coordinator was barred from entering just as she had arrived at the villa. "Hello, I am the wedding coordinator sent over by the wedding planning company. I am in charge of informing the bride of today's schedule," Shirley said.

"Miss Larson has asked us to let you wait outside," a bodyguard elaborated. Shirley could only agree to do so in resignation. At the same time, the upstairs of the villa was brightly lit with the makeup artists and dressmakers from the bridal company doing their respective duties: dressing and applying makeup on Tiffany. By the time everything was done, it was already six in the morning. At this time, Rachel and Floch walked inside.

She was dressed to the nines and had exquisite makeup. As she was in a twilight-themed dress that hugged her waist, she looked extremely youthful since the attire gave her an extremely dignified and noble aura. As she stood in front of Tiffany and regarded the beautiful Tiffany from head to toe, Rachel exclaimed, "Oh my, my daughter is the prettiest bride of them all. You are simply too stunning." "Time sure flies.

After raising you with such great care, the day has arrived where you'll be married off," Floch added, albeit with unwillingness. "Congrats, Tiff. You finally got your wish of marrying Matthew." Randy, who looked bright and dashing in a custom-made suit, walked over to Tiffany and beamed. "Tiff, as this is your wedding today, shouldn't you be giving your brother a red packet?" Sitting in front of the dressing table was the apprehensive Tiffany, who looked at the trio as she squeezed out a stiff smile.

"Thanks." Right after saying that, she took out a thick red packet before handing it over to him. "Here you go. I didn't forget." "Hahaha, thanks, Tiff." Waving the red packet around, Randy was extremely elated, after which he responded, "You guys should have a chat first. I'll head down to see whether there's anything else that needs preparing." "Go on then." Tiffany nodded. "My dear daughter, why do you look somewhat unhappy today?"

After all, Tiffany was her daughter, so Rachel could tell with just a glance that she had a lot on her mind. "Silly girl, it's the biggest day of your life today, so why are you pulling a long face?

From today onward, you'll be Matthew's wife. Do you know how many women would kill for that?" While patting Tiffany's shoulder, Floch added, "Just be a good bride. Me and your mother will deal with anything that comes your way." *Deal with anything that comes my way?* Holding her hands together, Tiffany gave a bitter smile with slightly teary eyes.

“Okay, thanks Dad and Mom. It’s just that I am a bit tired since I might have slept too late last night.” After all, she couldn’t change what had already happened. Besides herself, who could help her to take on all these things? If everything goes smoothly to the plan, she would successfully marry into the Kingses and be Matthew’s wife.

Yet, it was precisely because today was such an important day that Tiffany trembled in fear as she was afraid that her dirty laundry would all be aired today. If not, why would she have been so quiet for the past few days? “Getting married is difficult. It’ll be okay once the ceremony is over. Maybe you could catch up on some sleep, seeing that it is still early and Matthew will only be coming to pick you up at nine?”

“Yeah, you should listen to your mother. Lie down and try to catch some sleep.” Floch, who was radiant in his suit, displayed a perky state as his slightly protruding belly hinted at his career as a businessman. “Alright, then I’ll lie down for a bit.” Wanting some peace and quiet, Tiffany nodded in agreement. “Be careful when you sleep. Don’t ruin your look.” After such a reminder, Rachel then dragged him with her to leave the bedroom.

Holding the hems of her wedding dress, Tiffany stood up and walked to the bed before lying down. Her mind kept replaying the day where she was kidnapped and brought to the old abandoned warehouse. She had faced the big, strong men who wanted her to abort the child inside her belly. The child was her ticket to marrying into a wealthy family. To keep the child, Tiffany even kneeled on the floor and begged that they allow the child in her belly to live.

However, who would have expected that not only did they want 3 million as hush money, they even added an additional term... They added, “We can let you keep the child. We’ll let you off the hook provided that you can satisfy us.” Tiffany collapsed, feeling a kind of despair that she had never felt before in her life.

She was afraid that she would be the laughing stock of Bloomstead if what happened that day was leaked to the public and her life would resemble that of a street mouse. The tears flowed uncontrollably from the corner of her eyes. With a restless mind, she called Matthew’s phone. *Ring, ring, ring.*

After a few rings, while sitting in his study to smoke, Matthew looked at his phone on the desk with the device showing Tiffany as the caller. His handsome face instantly darkened as he swiped across the screen to answer the call. “What happened?” he asked. *Listen to this. Listen to how cold his tone is.*

Tiffany's heart sank to her stomach in a flash. "Matthew, are you ready on your side?" Holding back the tears in her eyes, she asked gently. Taking a drag from his cigarette, Matthew then flicked the ashes into the ashtray. "I'm almost done." "That's so fast. We're going to get married soon. I'm... a bit nervous right now." Yet, what Matthew didn't know was that her nervousness stemmed from her fear.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 182

Chapter 182 Blessings From Old Classmates, Her Billionaire Husband

"It's just a formality. You don't have to worry about it." "Matthew, I... wanted to ask you something. Did you ever... love me?" Tiffany suddenly asked the question that she had been dying to know in her heart. After she said those words, the other party fell into a few seconds of silence. "I have never loved you." *He has never loved me!* Silence followed his answer.

Although it was just five words, the feeling was more akin to someone stabbing a knife right into her heart without notice and the pain caused Tiffany to forget how to breathe. The pain of having her heart torn apart spread across every cell in her body. It was just as expected—he was never in love with her. As to why he was willing to proceed with the marriage, it was all because Matthew wanted to keep the promise of them tying the knot after 'she had saved him' and she bore 'his child'.

He thought that he should be the one responsible for it. That was all. "Grandma said that relationships can be fostered. You can also take your time to slowly learn how to love me once we are married, right?" At that moment, Tiffany looked as pathetic and pitiful as she could ever be. Even the love that she desired looked so laughable. Now that she was facing a man who did not have a shred of feelings toward her, she even had to speak carefully.

Was this the kind of love she really wanted? Tiffany doubted herself. His answer came after a moment of silence. "I won't." When she had asked the question, all Matthew could see was the face of Veronica, whom he badly wanted. Even if they looked almost identical, there

were still so many subtle differences between them, such as their personality, eyebrows, voices, body... Apart from the elegance that

Tiffany was born with, she was lacking in every aspect when compared to Veronica. However, it was Veronica's brash and honest personality that he particularly fancied. After Matthew's words, the other side of the call went dead silent. "From the beginning, I have said that you are a suitable candidate to marry into the Kings Family.

That is all," the emotionless man added. If what Matthew had uttered earlier was like an icicle that pierced her heart, then this sentence was akin to her posthumous torture. It was pain beyond belief. With a face that was full of tears, Tiffany lacked the strength to even speak. She closed her eyes and hung up in despair. *What a sentence, 'From the beginning, I have said that you are a suitable candidate to marry into the Kings Family.*

That is all'. At that time, she did not know whether to feel sad or fortunate about the whole thing. It was not until a long while that she recomposed herself and left the bitterness behind. It wasn't that she had good composure; it was just that she recently had too much to bear. However, no matter what, the position of the Young Mistress of the Kingses was hers for sure. On the other side, a call from Thomas came right after Matthew placed his phone down.

"Boss, it's almost time for you to get changed." "There's no hurry." After hanging up, Matthew got up and walked to the bedroom. The sight of Veronica waking up greeted him as he opened the door. When he saw that she was still asleep, the man thought that she looked adorable before his cold face was replaced by a gentle smile. "Morning." Upon seeing Matthew, Veronica was a bit shocked and felt uncomfortable since his words from last night echoed in her mind.

However, fearing that her reaction would be obvious, she could only pretend to walk in a relaxed manner to him with open arms. "Morning. As the godbrother and the groom of today's wedding, shouldn't you have prepared a big red packet for me?" She would never miss any opportunity to 'earn money'. Her words stunned Matthew as he replied, "I haven't prepared it yet. However, your share will definitely be included."

"Then, I shall thank you in advance." Lifting her wrist, Veronica looked at the time on her watch. "It's getting rather late, so I should be heading to the office now. I wish you... a happy wedding." After that, she walked past him and left in a rush. It was already 7:00AM after she

headed to the office and finished freshening up. Since all of the employees had clocked in at 7:00AM sharp, everything was good to go.

At around eight o'clock or so, Veronica was already patrolling the wedding venue when she suddenly received a call. Whipping out her phone, she saw that it was Melissa calling. "Is there anything you want by calling so early in the morning?" "Veronica Murphy, you are such a heartless person.

How could you utter such cold words when I've been missing you so much?" Melissa snorted. "Why do you care whether I've hurt you when you have already said that I'm heartless?" "You..." Angered to the point of speechlessness, Melissa then continued, "You know what? Never mind.

Powered by Hooligan Media

I don't want to continue with this pointless argument. Oh, right, today is my idol's wedding. Are you attending it?" Even through the phone, Veronica could feel how relaxed and easygoing Melissa sounded. "Don't you love Matthew very much? Why are you so happy now that he's about to get married?"

This did not seem to make any sense at all. "I'm definitely sad to see him getting married, but this will not affect me attending the ceremony. When will you be coming over? There will be something truly spectacular to witness later, so make sure that you do not miss it." "What... do you mean by that?" Veronica, who had a great sixth sense for such things, had already felt that something was about to occur.

"The wedding of the century. A woman's dream coming true. You really shouldn't miss it. Anyway, I'll see you there later. Bye." After saying that, Melissa hung up. At the same time, over at Dragon's Creek Villa, all of Tiffany's close friends and associates had arrived to attend her wedding.

Caitlyn West, an old classmate, was the first to come into the room to give Tiffany her wishes. "Congratulations, Tiffany. You finally got your wish of marrying Young Master Matthew. You have really made everyone envious now." Tiffany's best friend, Reese Jorge, walked to the dressing table before giving Tiffany a big hug. "My dear friend, I hope you'll have a happy wedding." Afterward, all of her friends who were present gave their best wishes to her.

The last person who appeared in front of her was the precious daughter of the Dame Family, which was one of four great families in Bloomstead, Ruka Dame. On top of being treated

like she was the real princess of the Dame Family in Bloomstead, she was also madly in love with Matthew. However, she did not anticipate that Tiffany would be a step ahead of her to tie the knot with him. Since Ruka was a natural beauty, she was dressed to kill.

Thanks to the further assistance from her makeup, she did not lose out to Tiffany in terms of beauty. Dressed in the exquisite attire by the French designer, Elise Monet, she was able to radiate a unique aura. Now that she had appeared in such a flashy way, her presence overshadowed Tiffany; it was as if she was hinting that she was here to crash the party. "You really do have good luck, Tiffany." As former classmates, Ruka did not want to attend Tiffany's wedding, but was afraid of the gossip that might ensue if she did not.

Tiffany, who was already agitated by Matthew's words earlier that morning, did not despair any further. Instead, she picked herself up and readjusted her emotions as she sat in front of the dressing table to wait for his wedding car to pick her up. Compared to the grievance she had felt either, the appearance of all her classmates and their subsequent flattery made her feel more vain and elated.

This was especially so when she saw Ruka, who always acted so high and mighty, turning green with envy from the fact that she would soon marry Matthew. It made Tiffany feel like she had already won the game of life. "Thank you for your wishes and for attending my wedding.

Words cannot describe how happy I am right now." Shooting a glance at Ruka, Tiffany knew that she was planning to crash the party today by dressing up so extravagantly. However, she was not angry and merely gave a soft smile. "Ruka, you really do look beautiful today."

Yes, you're beautiful, but you're not the one whom Matthew chose. Then, she added, "Oh, yeah, there'll be a lot of handsome men with promising futures present today. You should make full use of this chance to look for your Prince Charming, Ruka."

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 183

Chapter 183, Her Billionaire Husband

“What kind of talented young man can fulfill my standards?” Ruka had a haughty look as she asked in disdain. Although Tiffany was secretly sarcastic, she still maintained a prim and proper facade. “Ruka, you can’t give up the entire sea for just a fish. What’s more, I’m going to marry Matthew, so why are you still so hung up on him?” Whether it was a hint or an obvious jab, Tiffany was definitely being satirical toward Ruka.

The classmates standing by the side nodded as they thought Tiffany’s words had made sense. “That’s right, Ruka. Since Matthew is going to marry Tiffany, you should just give up on him.” “Ruka, you should believe that you can find an even better husband.” “I think that you’d have to search for such a man abroad. The most talented and youngest man with such a prospect locally has to be Young Master Matthew.”

“Hey, although Young Master Matthew is also my idol, I have to admit that he and Tiffany are a match made in heaven. I really am super envious of Tiffany now.” “Yeah, that’s right. Out of all the classmates in our year, Tiffany was always the most outstanding one. Otherwise, why would Young Master Matthew fancy her?”

As all their classmates were singing along to the same tune, Ruka was so mad that her face darkened. However, since she didn’t want to act out in public, she could only wish Tiffany hypocritically. “I only like Matthew, but if I were to really marry someone, he would not fit the standard I’m looking for.

However, now that I’m here, I still wish you two a happy wedding.” Even though Tiffany had seen through Ruka’s arrogant facade, she chose not to expose Ruka. Since it was her wedding today, Tiffany didn’t want to ruin the atmosphere. At 9:00PM, eighteen Bentleys without license plates drove up to the villa’s entrance in a row.

While there was a fireworks show at the entrance of the Larson Residence, which illuminated the beautiful fixtures of the building, a red carpet had been rolled out from

outside all the way to the villa. Matthew, who had already changed into a suit, walked out from the car.

As he faced all the people who took pictures and offered their congratulations, he did not bat an eye or return their gestures with a smile. According to the local custom, when one married, they were required to obtain something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue.

However, since the person who came to pick up the bride was Matthew, nobody dared to mess around with him as there were eight bodyguards in formal suits behind him. "Matthew's here." "Haha, Matthew looks dashing today." Seeing Matthew, Floch and Rachel approached and flattered the man.

With his usual aloof manner, Matthew ignored all the lavish decor that the villa was adorned with and asked icily, "Where's Tiffy?" "She's waiting for you upstairs. You should quickly head over so that we don't miss the perfect time to get married," Rachel reminded. After climbing the stairs in a flash, he arrived at Tiffany's room.

When they saw Matthew's handsome face, her classmates standing by the door all screamed and gasped. "Oh my God, Young Master Matthew has such an imposing aura." "He didn't even care to dress up in an extravagant manner, yet he still looks so handsome." "My idol looks a hundred times better than those actors on TV. Urgh, Tiffany is extremely lucky. I'm so envious right now." "Is this what they call the face that Michelangelo himself sculpted? I am so in love."

"He really is out of our league." As the crowd said those words, they all had their phones out to take pictures and videos of Matthew. On the other hand, Ruka was like a black swan in her strapless black dress making a high profile appearance; it was as if she wanted to declare to the world that she should be the one to shine.

Powered by Hooligan Media

Now that she was face-to-face with Matthew, she only gave a cold smile. "Congratulations, Young Master Matthew." As the Kingses and the Dames were on good terms, he was obviously familiar with her, yet he had no feelings toward her. Gazing at her from head to toe, he replied bluntly, "Thanks."

After saying that single word to her, he walked past her and went straight into the bedroom. Tiffany sat in front of the dressing table in the bedroom as she quietly waited for Matthew to show up. It wasn't until the stunning man with short hair and glossy, black suit appeared

behind her that she finally breathed a sigh of relief. Tiffany could see his dashing face displaying the usual indifference without so much as a smile from the reflection in the mirror.

Although she had a pang in her heart, she hid that emotion in an instant. "You're finally here, Matthew." She stood up. As all the classmates standing outside had rushed into the bedroom, it made the huge space suddenly seem a little cramped. "Let's go," the man said to Tiffany as he offered his arm.

At this moment, all of the classmates shouted in unison, "Kiss her. Kiss her. Carry her. When the groom picks up the bride, they also have to carry the bride downstairs." Although there was unwillingness written all over Matthew's face, he could only squat down and carry Tiffany in the end. At that moment, Tiffany felt a sense of happiness that she had never felt before overwhelm her now that she was in his embrace.

Her smile was as beautiful as a flower while she was complacent. As everybody present had already known about his cold attitude, they did not really care about his reaction. After picking her up from the villa, they entered the car and thereafter the motorcade slowly headed to the hotel that was hired for the wedding.

The wedding was said to be the biggest one in Bloomstead that everyone had their eyes on as Tiffany and Matthew's wedding photos were splashed on billboards and huge monitors in shopping malls throughout the city. Even though the wedding had cost an absolute fortune since it was exaggeratingly grand, there wasn't no adherence to tradition of 'blocking the entrance', the groom brushing the bride's hair or even helping her to wear her shoes.

They did not even prepare a bouquet of flowers! No matter how much money had been spent on the ceremony, the only reaction it had elicited from the groom was perfunctory, as if he merely wanted to get this all over with. However, as the Larsons did not make a huge fuss out of it, the outsiders of course did not say anything either.

After the wedding ceremony at the Royal View Hotel was over, Tiffany was sent to the Presidential Suite to rest. The ceremony was held at the first floor of the biggest reception hall in the hotel and the venue had been decorated with the theme of a fantasy princess' castle.

When one walked in, they would feel like they had entered a fantasy castle where it emanated lavishness, romance and a glorious feeling. However, at the same time, the decor also screamed of an unspeakable amount of money that was invested in it.

While Tiffany rested in one of the suites, Matthew and his close friends, namely Skyler, Caleb and Miguel, occupied the other suite. Standing by the window, Matthew had a glass of red wine in his hand as he was immersed in his own thoughts. The few other people looked at each other with bewilderment.

Then, Skyler said, "Matt, it's not that I want to criticize you, but since you don't even like Tiffany, why did you force yourself to marry her? Isn't Veronica also an interesting character? Hahaha, but now that you are married to Tiffany, I might consider making a move on Veronica, that sassy girl."

"Are you trying to dig your own grave here?" Miguel, who had rushed back from abroad, kicked Skyler to hint at him to stop searching for trouble. Instead, it was Caleb, a quiet person, who commented, "Drew's right. Since you don't love her, you shouldn't have married her. Although she did save your life and is now bearing your child, these are all problems that can be talked out." "Old Mrs. Kings was diagnosed with Alzheimer's not too long ago.

Her condition is worsening with each passing day. Her only wish now is to see Matthew married and having kids," Miguel lamented. After he spoke, all of them fell into silence. From an outsider's perspective, one would find Matthew to be a person who was cruel and devoid of emotions.

However, his friends knew that he was extremely filial and kind. He was especially filial to Elizabeth, who doted on him ever since his mother passed away at an early age while his dad had remarried another woman and practically ignored Matthew growing up. In the big and cold Kings Family, only Elizabeth had really loved and doted on Matthew.

That was why his grandmother's feelings mattered the most to him. It was due to this reason that Matthew couldn't bear to see Spinfluence Group, which was the result of his grandparents' blood, sweat and tears, fall in the hands of others. As a result, he cautiously and rationally managed the company.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 184

Chapter 184, Her Billionaire Husband

With the aim of stabilizing the company and the Kings Family's century-old business, Matthew often found himself tied to a lot of things with very little freedom to decide. Matthew's archrival was his seventh uncle, the seventh eldest of the Kings Family, Conrad Kings. Today was Matthew's wedding day, and Conrad had returned too.

The wedding would start at 11.00AM sharp. Veronica was busy running back and forth at the wedding venue. Because her face had a strong resemblance to Tiffany's, she wore a black mask the whole time to avoid causing unnecessary trouble. At this moment, guests and friends had filled up the grand hall.

They were watching the dance performance on stage. Veronica looked at her watch and saw it was already 10.30AM. Thus, she held the walkie-talkie and announced, "It's 10.30AM. Emcee, please make the final preparation. Make sure that everything—" Halfway through her sentence, Veronica suddenly felt someone pat her shoulder.

As soon as Veronica turned her head, she saw a man with a slicked back hairstyle and a short beard. He had pronounced facial features like the classic good looks of a model, especially with those pair of beautiful and mesmerizing azure eyes. With one glance, one could tell this man was biracial.

The man wore a gray suit with a black vest inside, topping his look with a necklace with a diamond-shaped Obsidian pendant around his neck. "Are you Veronica?" the man asked as he put his hands in the pockets of his pants and stared at Veronica with his azure eyes. Upon hearing that, Veronica frowned slightly, feeling quite surprised.

I'm wearing a mask, and I have never met this man who's currently standing in front of me before. Yet, he could recognize me at a glance. "Mr. Conrad, is there something you need help with?" Veronica asked. "Oh, you recognize me?" "You're Conrad Kings, the seventh eldest of the Kings Family.

Although I have never met you, I have heard much about you." If it was not because of the Kings Family, Veronica might not be able to recognize Conrad now. However, she had seen

his photos before because Elizabeth constantly wanted to introduce Conrad to her as her partner.

And thus, she was no stranger to how he looked. "Haha... I'm honored to be remembered by such a beautiful lady like you." Conrad was born with a classical facial structure of a magazine-worthy model and a finely-tuned vocal chord. When he curled his lips into a smile, there was a slightly more irrepressible sinister charm added onto his handsome face.

Looking at Conrad, Veronica could not help but sigh. *Are all male members of the Kings Family this handsome? That is one strong gene pool!* However, in Veronica's opinion, unlike the slightly sinister-looking Conrad, Matthew's handsomeness was considerably decent looking.

Conrad was handsome, but he did not seem like someone with a good nature. Out of courtesy, Veronica gently pulled her mask down and smiled. "Mr. Conrad, you're too kind. I wonder... Why are you looking for me?" "Since you're the god-granddaughter of Old Mrs. Kings, just address me as Uncle Conrad," Conrad said.

Back then, Old Mr. Kings, Howard Kings, had an affair with a French woman when he was drunk and impregnated her. Later, that woman gave birth to Conrad. The age gap between Conrad and Matthew was only seven years, and thus that made Conrad the youngest among the elders.

Even though Veronica dared to be rash in front of Matthew, she did not dare to act recklessly in front of Conrad. So, she said politely, "Old Mrs. Kings was simply joking. You don't have to take it seriously, Mr. Conrad." As she spoke, Veronica looked at the time on her watch.

Powered by Hooligan Media

"If there's nothing else, I'll get back to work." "Wait." Just as Veronica was about to leave, Conrad took something out of his pocket and handed it to her. "Here. It's a gift that Old Madam exhorted me repeatedly to prepare for you." "You mean Grandma?" Since Conrad's mother was Howard's lover, he was somewhat discriminating against Elizabeth despite having a good relationship with her. Hence, just like everyone else, he addressed Elizabeth as Old Madam.

"Yes." Conrad nodded. Veronica looked at the thin and long blue velvet brocade box that Conrad handed over. The top of the box had bronzing Chinese letters, and with just one look, Veronica knew the item in the box must be extremely valuable. Refusing to accept such a

valuable gift, Veronica shook her head. "Thank you, Mr. Conrad, for your kindness, but I can't accept this." *It's just too good to be true. Such kindness appeared out of thin air.*

Veronica shook the walkie-talkie in her hand. "Sorry, Mr. Conrad. I still have work to do. Let's talk later." "Then, can you leave your number?" "Uh..." Seeing as she could not refuse such a reason, Veronica smiled helplessly. "Okay." After giving Conrad her phone number, Veronica left and dived deep into her work. Meanwhile, in the Presidential Suite, Matthew stood in front of the French casement.

Suddenly, Thomas walked in and went straight to his side. Then, he handed Matthew a document. "Young Master Matthew, this is the information that you wanted me to investigate." After returning from Cabot Town the other day, Matthew instructed Thomas to re-investigate everything about Veronica and the Larsons.

Upon receiving the instruction, Thomas immediately sent someone to investigate everything in-depth. He followed the clues until he discovered that the person who had rescued Matthew was Veronica. Even so, he decided to hide the truth from Matthew after much hesitation. After all, Thomas saw through Matthew's love for Veronica.

Besides the child conceived, the reason for Young Master Matthew to be willing to wed Tiffany was because everyone in the Kings Family thought she was the one who had rescued Young Master Matthew. Hence, in order to fulfill his promise, Young Master Matthew agreed to marry her. If the marriage was to be canceled now, then Veronica would definitely end up being the person he would marry. Business is as fierce as a war. When there's love, there's weakness.

I do not wish Young Master Matthew to be taken advantage of one day, so it's best I hide the truth from him. However, just five minutes ago, someone passed an item to Thomas. After watching the video's content on the thumb drive, Thomas was completely taken aback. Thus, he decided to take everything and pass it to Matthew. "Matt is going to walk up the altar soon. What information is so important that he needs to see now?"

Thomas, can't you read the situation?" asked Skyler, who was sitting on the sofa doing nothing. Then, he stood up quietly, turned toward them, and came over. Skyler reached out his hand and wanted to take the document away from Thomas' grip. However, Thomas clutched the portfolio tightly and refused to let go.

Matthew, who had watched everything going on with his eyes, frowned slightly. He raised his hand and took the document. "Speak." "Uh..." Thomas glanced at Miguel, Caleb, and Skyler. The meaning behind his glance was obvious. He wanted the three to leave the room. The

gaze in Matthew's eyes darkened slightly, and he gestured to the three guys with a look. At once, the three of them knew things were not as easy as they thought.

"F*ck! Why are you acting so mysterious?" "Drew, stop talking nonsense. Hurry up and come out!" "We'll leave the room for you guys to talk and stand by the door for a while." Then, the three of them went out and closed the door behind them. After ensuring all three of them had left, Matthew opened the document file and ordered, "Cut to the chase." "Young Master Matthew, do you still remember Miss Murphy had asked you to investigate the truth about her parents' car accident in the first place?"

I'd found out the truth behind the car crash. As a matter of fact, it wasn't the accidental mistake by the late driver that caused the car accident.... The Larsons were behind everything," Thomas informed. When Matthew heard Thomas' words, his hand paused slightly, and he looked a little surprised. "Go on." "Also... back when you were involved in a car accident, Tiffany wasn't the one who saved you. It was Veronica." "Roni?"

Listening to Thomas telling the truth with hesitation, Matthew fell into deep thought, doubting the authenticity of the matter. "Are you sure?" "Absolutely sure. I've investigated Tiffany as well and found out that on the night of your car accident, she and her best friend went to the bar to get drunk. They drank until midnight."

"Heh. Good work." Matthew clenched the document file in his hand tightly, and his sharp pupils suddenly burst out with a chill.